

T H E
Witty and Humorous Jester;

BY A BUCK OF THE FIRST ORDER.

CONTAINING
A SELECT COLLECTION
O F

JESTS,
JOKES,
BON MOTS,

HUMOROUS TALES,
SMART REPARTEES,
ANECDOTES,

And other SALLIES of

WIT AND HUMOUR;

Which are so laughable, that they will
provoke a smile in the Countenance of
the most rigid Stoic, and spread Mirth,
Jollity, and good Fellowship round every
Table.

TO WHICH IS ADDED.

A Selection of the the best and most fashionable Toasts
and SENTIMENTS.

Laugh and grow fat, he! he! he!

Oh! I shall split my sides with laughing.

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M. DEC. LXXXIX.

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T H E

Entertaining Jester.

AN Hibernian gentleman, very liable to make blunders, had laid a wager that he would not make one for twelve hours—The wager was a dozen of wine and a supper. In order to be safe from blundering, this gentleman scarcely uttered three sentences till the time was nearly elapsed, and the bet given up for lost; when one of the company observing how long the messenger staid that had been dispatched for the wine;—"O faith, (cries the Hibernian) I suppose he has broken the bottles, and stays to fill them again". This timely bull occasioned the forfeiture of his wager, and the company were literally merry at his expence.

A company of gentlemen at a tavern in Bright-helmston, having a mind to amuse themselves, desired the waiter to send in a chairman; it was an exceeding cold night in the month of January, and when the chairman, who chanced to be an Irishman, came in; one of the company ask'd him, with a very grave face, how much
A he'd

he'd take to go naked to the top of Newmarket-hill. Paddy, shrugging his shoulders, said, Arra, Sir, you're certainly joking naw, what would I take, by Jasus, gentlemen, I'd take my death of cold.

A handsome young gentleman, having married an extremely ugly lady, who was very rich, was ask'd by his friends how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman? Look ye, says he, I bought her by weight, and paid nothing for fashion.

When Lord Sheffield's light horse were raising in Suffex, they were dressed in a shewy manner to attract the eyes of the ignorant. In particular, they had a large plume of feathers in their caps. One of the officers, boasting one day of the success he had in recruiting, ask'd an old gentleman, who sat by him, what he thought of them. I think, replied he, that if they had corks in their a——s, as they have feathers in their heads, they would make excellent shuttlecocks.

Diogenes seeing the son of a common woman throwing stones among a crowd of people; take care, said he, that you do not hit your mother.

A country fellow, going along Chichester streets, slip'd down upon his seat. You see, said a tradesman, standing at his door, that our town stones are too proud to bear such a bumkin as you.—Are they, said the fellow? As proud as they are I have made them kiss my A——.

A Portsmouth vintner was complaining to his man that there were no bottles left, though he had laid in a large stock very lately. No wonder, said the fellow, for all those that were measure you broke, and all that were not measure the sailors have broke.

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An Irishman was asked if he could play upon the fiddle. Yes, said he, I believe I can ; but I have never tried.

The great Lord Stair, when he was the English minister abroad, was invited to an entertainment given by the French minister, where the Spanish minister was also present. After a very sumptuous dinner, the Frenchman proposed a toast. Here's the Sun, said he, and like him in his glory is my royal master Louis ; and so run on with his titles. The toast was drank.—The Spaniard's turn was next, he gave the full Moon ; and as glorious and as bright was his master the king of Spain, &c. That toast was also drank.—Stair's turn came next. Well, said he, I'll give you little Joshua, that made both sun and moon stand still ; and that's my master.

A friar of one of the mendicant orders at Lisbon, made a great complaint at his convent, when he return'd, of the ill treatment he had receiv'd from a man whom he named ; who, when he went to beg at his house, instead of relieving him, rush'd out with a great stick, and beat him severely. They talk'd of punishing him for striking a man in orders, and a holy man. But a lusty able friar, an Irishman, who belong'd to the same order, told them to leave the matter to him, and they should have satisfaction.—Accordingly, next day, taking a good cudgel under his habit, the injured brother conducted him to the house, where he had met so severe a treatment, and left him to his fate. He, in the usual manner, began to beg ; and the man of the house bearing him, ran out upon him. “ Ah friend, said he, ask, and it shall be given unto you ; I'll give it, said he, and fell to belabouring the friar,

as hard as he could". The Hibernian seiz'd him by the collar with one hand, and lugging out his cudgel with the other, I'll tell you, friend, said he, I never will strike first, but it is lawful to repel force by force. I'll give you a text of scripture for your's too : " With whatsoever measure you mete unto others, it shall be meted out unto you, even full measure and running over". And he lick'd the aggressor very handsomely.

A man, who had not been accustomed to very elegant living, was invited by a gentleman of fortune, who kept a good table, to dine with him. It was the only return he could make for some obligations he was under to him. The guest eat very heartily, indeed made his dinner of the first course, which consisted entirely of substantial things. When the second was laid upon the table, the host, invited and pressed his guest to eat, who still refused. Why won't you take a bit?—No, I thank ye, Sir, said he, I beg you'll excuse me, for I never eat so soon after dinner.

Upon the restoration of king Charles II. the Rev. Mr. Bull (afterwards Bishop) who had loyally and learnedly maintained his majesty's cause, while in exile, and had suffered for it, was presented by the king with a grant of his former living, which the lord-chancellor Hyde made some difficulty to confirm, as the then incumbent had no complaint preferr'd against him, either in point of loyalty or religion. Mr. Bull finding his pocket exhausted by this delay, but being a man of wit, and knowing his majesty's humour, took occasion to whisper him one day as he was in company, that he had just had his pocket pick'd of all his money, and had not a shilling

ling left.—Well, said the king, and can't you tell the thief?—Why, reply'd Bull, if I may speak the truth, I have caught your majesty's hand in it; and out he pulls the grant. What! said his majesty, are you not yet presented to your living? No, reply'd Bull, nor ever shall, either with the chancellor's consent or mine; for neither of us would willingly displace your majesty's friend. The king then gave him a recommendation to the chancellor for the next vacancy that happen'd worth his acceptance; which he immediately went and delivered, because, said he, delays are dangerous. The chancellor, in order to make a memorandum of it, ask'd his name. My name is Bull, answer'd he. Bull! said the chancellor, where are your horns?—Please your honor, reply'd Bull, the horns always go along with the hyde.

Sir George Rook, before he was made admiral, had served as a captain of marines upon their first establishment; and being quarter'd on the coast of Essex, where the agues made havock among his men, the minister of the village where he lay was so harrafs'd with the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table of his great hall; this greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman; who in the fullness of his heart sent the captain word, that if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him, but would readily bury him and his whole company for nothing.

Soon after the battle of Oudenarde, the Duchess of Marlborough made a tour to Flanders,

under pretence of complimenting the duke on that victory, but in fact to inform him of the cabals of his enemies, which it was not safe to entrust on paper. Her grace landed at Dunkirk, where she lay all night; and in the morning, her thoughts being intent perhaps upon more important concerns, tho' she had given a great deal of trouble in the inn, yet she went away and forgot the usual present to the chambermaid. The girl, who interpreted this neglect to her grace's want of generosity, thought of an expedient to make herself amends; and with this view she purchased a number of phials, and then filling them up, cork'd them up, and sealed them; this done, she caused it to be rumoured abroad, that she had a quantity of the Dutchess of Marlborough's eye-water, which her grace, at her departure, had put into her Hands to sell. It was in reality the Dutchess of Marlborough's water that filled the bottles, and the humour succeeded to the girl's wish; the eye-water was bought for the novelty by rich and poor, and the cures it perform'd were so wonderful, that the fame of its virtues reach'd the dutchess at the English camp. Her grace recollected her omission, and was not a little nettled at the wench's stratagem, but could not then help it. In her return home, however, she lay again at the same inn; and as the wench was putting her to bed at night, Child, said she, I hear you have a famous eye-water to sell; I have a mind to be a purchaser. The girl, quite confounded and ready to sink, faintly said that it was all disposed of. What quantity might you have of it, said the dutchess? Only a few dozens, reply'd the girl. Well, said the dutchess, prepare your bottles, and you now may have a large quantity of the genuine sort.

The

The girl was miserably perplex'd, and could not tell what to say; but fell into tears, and dropping upon her knees, confessed her indiscretion, and humbly implor'd her grace's forgiveness, promising never to offend again in the like manner; Nay, but indeed, child, said her grace, you must make up some for me, for I have heard an excellent character of its sovereign virtues. Being assured that her grace was in earnest, the girl reply'd, she should be obey'd. Her grace's intention was, to prevent her eye-water from being any more hawk'd about in Dunkirk; and therefore in the morning she ordered her young doctress, in her own presence, to bottle every drop of it, to cork it up safely, and to seal it, as she had done the former; by which she discovered that the girl had actually procured her grace's arms to her new nostrum, a circumstance she had not before dreamt of. Well, my dear, said the dutchess, I find you're a mistress of your trade; you make no scruple to counterfeit a seal. Madam, said the girl, you dropt the seal in the room, and that put me in the head of it. And what might you gain, said her grace, by your last supply? Fifty livres, reply'd the girl. Very well, said the dutchess; please to restore the seal, and there is double that sum for you; putting five Louis d'ors in her hand; adding, with a stern look, and a severe tone of voice, beware of counterfeits, hussy.

A country fellow being to be catechised (who was an apprentice) the parson ask'd him, what's your name? John, says the fellow. Who gave you that name? says the parson. My godfathers and godmothers, &c. says the fellow. Well said, says the parson; and what did your godfathers
and

and godmothers then for you? Says John, "Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my time".

A fellow of a certain college, seeing Tom Brown in a tattered garb, said, Tom! your gown's grown too short for you. Ah! reply'd Tom, that's true; but it will be long enough before I get another. This repartee so diverted the Fellow, that he continued laughing 'till he met with a Brother of the same College, who ask'd him what he laugh'd at? Why, says he, at an excellent joke: I just now told Tom Brown his gown was grown too short for him; and he said it would be a long time before he should have another. Well, and pray where is the joke in that? I don't know, reply'd he, but I am sure it was a good joke when I heard it.

A clergyman of a facetious turn of mind, who lived in Suffex, a coast on which ship-wrecks have frequently happened, and where, upon such occasions, the inhabitants instead of assisting the unfortunate in their distress, used to plunder all they could lay hands on, and treat the people ill; and were so keen at the news of a wreck, that they would leave all manner of business to plunder. A misfortune of this kind happening one Sunday, during the time of divine service, the alarm was given, A wreck! a wreck! upon which they began to scamper out with great precipitation; which our parson perceiving, opened the pulpet door, and walking down the stairs, called out at the same time with a loud voice, Brethren, let me intreat you to hear five words more. They turned about with impatient attention, to hear what the preacher had to say, who making hastily
up

up to them, said, Let us all start fair: Which odd behaviour had the desired effect; as he meant only to go with them, in order to prevent their abusing the ship's crew, which often happened.

Captain M—gu, generally known by the name of mad M—gu, being at Boston during the late war, cruising to protect the British and American trade, happened one Sunday to come on shore to kiss his wife, who waited for his arrival, and to take a little walk of pleasure. The select men, and other fanatics of Boston, deeming this conduct to be a profanation of the sabbath, the next day sentenced the captain to be set in the public stocks. He bore the ignominy with such an appearance of temper as was little expected from him. He did not, however, forget the disgrace; but having learned who were the persons principally concerned in the determination, at his departure he invited them on board his ship, where he gave them a dinner. But when the moment arrived in which the holy men were to take their leave, the top-sails being loose, the anchor hauled a-peak, and all things ready for sailing, the captain accompanied his good friends upon deck, where the boatswain and his crew were prepared for their reception. He now thanked them for the many civilities that they had shewn him, and expressed his wishes of being able to make an adequate return. In one point at least he declared he would not be behind-hand with them; and after reminding them of what was passed, ordered each of them a smart flogging at the gangway; after which the saints were put into their boats amidst the shouts of the sailors, and the captain sailed for England.

This

This punishment considering the difference of sea and land, might be said to be considered as according to the law of retaliation.

A certain counsellor once told an excise-officer of his acquaintance, he was so ill that he should soon be gone—"Come, replied the other, don't be cast down, you shall not have a permit to die as yet".—"But then, replied the counsellor, if there is not a sharp look-out kept for death, it is ten to one but he will smuggle me".

As his late majesty was on his return from Hanover, his carriage happening to break down between Helvoetsluys and the Brill, on a road where they were obliged to put up at a common gin-house, coffee was procured for the king, and six bottles of gin for his attendants, while the carriage was getting ready. The reckoning being called for, the landlord, who was apprised of the quality of his royal guest, was so modest as to make a charge amounting to eighty pounds sterling for this poor fare. Lord Ligonier, to whom the bill was brought, severely reprimanded the fellow for his attempt to impose upon his majesty; but the king overhearing the dispute, cried, "Come, my good lord, let us pay the money—The landlord would not have made so high a charge, but that the poor fellow knows **KINGS** seldom call here".

An ingenious author, who had for a long time been under a prosecution in Doctor's Commons, once read to his proctor four acts of an excellent tragedy which he was then employed in writing,—“Good heaven, Sir, cried the proctor, how can you add to the distresses already described, when you come to the last act?”

—Oh,

—Oh, Sir, replied the author, very easily; for I shall then meet the hero and heroine in the Spiritual Court”.

A Gentleman of the name of Stukely, in the time of queen Elizabeth, was so prepossessed with the notion that he should be a king before his death, that he made this idea the constant topic of his conversation. The queen hearing of it, sent for him, and asked him, if he would correspond with her when he came to his future crown. He said, “By all means”. “Then in what manner will you address me when you are a king?” said Elizabeth. “By the title of dearly beloved sister”, replied Stukely.—This regal madness got so far possession of his brain, that he sold his estate, raised a number of men as enthusiastic as himself, bought a ship, and sailed with his adherents to the Barbary coast, to conquer some kingdom in Africa. About the same time Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, landing in Morocco on a scheme nearly as romantic, Stukely joined his forces to those of the Portuguese monarch, and they in conjunction engaged four Moorish sovereigns, two of whom were killed in the battle, as were Stukely and Don Sebastian, and the Christians were totally defeated. This remarkable occurrence, which is very little known, gave rise to the following antient distich:

“A fatal fight, for in one day were slain
 “Three kings that were, and one that would
 “be slain”.

A capital tradesman in the city, who for many years was a professed patriot, and on that account

count had received many considerable orders from the principal people of that party, at length received an item, that he might have a government contract, if he applied for it. The intimation pleased him, and the thoughts of profit allured him to the idea of making a proper application. These sentiments being known to a patriotic friend, the latter upbraided him for the duplicity of his conduct; and in particular told him, that he was sorry he did not know on which side his bread was butter'd. "You are quite mistaken (replied the avaricious tradesman) I well know on which side my bread is butter'd; but then you will excuse me, if I wish to have it butter'd on both sides".

No people on the face of the earth are more partial to their own country than the Scotch; on which account Mr. Foot never failed to chastise every Scotchman, who at any time, in his company, chose to ride his national hobby-horse. On one of these occasions, a Scotchman having been figuring away concerning the great sagacity and ingenuity of his countrymen, Mr. Foot determined to punish him by relating the following story. "A ship being in distress at sea (said the wit) the compass was by some accident thrown down, and dashed to pieces. This threw the captain into a terrible dilemma; he knew not how to steer without it, nor did he understand how to make one. A Scotch sailor, taking notice of his anxiety, said, "Sir, donna ye know how to make a compass?" "No (replied the captain) I wish I did." "Out, out, mon (returned the Scotchman) the muckle de'el gar me, but I'll shew thee how to make one, if you'll give me a sheet of writing paper." A sheet of
writing

writing paper being produced, the Scotchman very deliberately put his thumb and finger into the collar of his shirt, drew forth a louse, and placed it gently on the paper; "Now ken ye well, captain, (said he) and observe ye, that a Scotch louse always travels southward; so that if ye mind the course of this louse upon the paper, ye may easily find whereabout the north is, and make your compass accordingly."

Another story our English Aristophanes used to be fond of relating, was concerning a gentleman, named Brown, who had a large estate, and kept a great number of negroes in the island of Barbadoes. Mr. Brown having missed a considerable sum of money, had great reason to think that some of his negro slaves had stolen it, and in order to detect the thief, tried the following experiment. Having summoned all the negro slaves to attend him in a large hall, he thus harangued them; "I have been informed in a vision by the great serpent, whom you adore, that the thief who stole my money is one of you; and he moreover told me, that the very man should at this present moment have a large feather out of a parrot's tail hanging at the tip of his nose." Mr. Brown had no sooner uttered these words, than the real thief betrayed his guilt by suddenly clapping his hand up to his nose, to feel for the feather, and exhibiting the utmost symptoms of fear. On seeing this, Mr. Brown suddenly seized hold of the fellow, and charged him home with the theft; the poor fellow being greatly terrified, and thinking that his deity, the great serpent, had betrayed him to his master, very readily confessed the fact, and restored the money. Mr. Brown, however, acted with more
B lenity

lenity upon this occasion than is usual, when offences of such a kind have been committed by negro slaves; for after the restoration of the money, he freely forgave him, thinking the fright he had put him into a sufficient punishment for his perfidy.

A poor but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some extensive family sicknesses, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish, and being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time, for fear of being troubled; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament, in these words: *Have patience, and I will pay you all.* He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, Have patience; secondly, and I will pay you all: he then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most Christian virtue, patience; after which, "And now, says he, having done with my first head, viz. have patience; I come to my second and last general head, which is, and I will pay you all; but that I must defer to another opportunity." Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him.

David Gam, a Welch captain under king Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, being sent
out

out by the king to take a view of the French army, went to the top of a hill, and seeing all the country covered with tents, and blazing with fires, on his return made this report to the king, That there were enough of them to be slain, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.

A scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being but in the next room, overheard all that was said; and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten the grapes to be taken up, and horsed on another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech; if any one knows any just cause or impediment, why they should not be joined together, let them declare it." "I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so!" said the doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. Which answer so pleased the doctor, who loved to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he let him go scot free.

A grave old country blade coming before a judge, and taking an oath on a cause, he was bid to have a care what he swore, lest he went to the devil: "I fear not that, (replied he, by way of retort) for I have given him my eldest son, and he ought to be content with one out of

a family." "How's that? says the judge, pray explain yourself?" "Why, truly, I have made him a lawyer from the beginning." "A liar, you mean," says the other. "I know not, replied he, what distinction there may be made at London, but I'm sure by sad experience, we in the country know no difference between a lawyer and a liar."

A country squire asked a merry andrew, why he played the fool? For the same reason, says he, as you do; through want: You do it for want of wit, I for want of money.

Two people laying a wager which of them could reach farthest, a third, who happened to be in company, and was well known to be a shuffler, offered to lay a crown bowl of punch that he could reach higher than either of them. "Oh, said one, we shall not lay a wager with you, for nobody doubts but you can overreach any of us."

A gentleman being once at a country play-house, as it was called, where the entertainment of the Stage Coach was miserably performed, desired to know of one of the performers when they should have the Stage Coach again? "Next monday, I believe, sir; (said the player, bowing respectfully) but public notice will be given in the bills of the day." "I am glad of that (said the gentleman) because I intend to be an outside passenger."

Two gentlemen, not conversant in the wisdom of Solomon, entered into a dispute a little while since at a coffee-house upon some religious topics; at length, exasperated by the controversy, the one said with a sneer, "You pretend to talk about religion! I'll lay you five guineas
you

you can't say the Lord's prayer". The other accepted the wager, and immediately began the creed, which he went through tolerably well. The first not knowing the difference, though he had actually won, allowed his wager to be lost; saying at the same time, "Upon my honor, I did not think you could have said it."——

A braggadocia, upon a certain occasion, chanced to run away: and being asked by one, what was become of all that courage he used so much to boast of; It is got, said he, all into my heels.

A young fellow, who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner at the house of a gentleman of distinction: a young lady that was there was taken with a fainting fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling-bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasions, says the spark, with a sneer, There is no great danger, I suppose it is only a breeding qualm: Sir, says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone, the lady is a sister of mine, and has been a widow these two years. Pardon me, replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence; she looks so young and so innocent, that I really took her for a maid.

One saying, he had once so excellent a gun, that it went off immediately at thieves coming into the house, although it was not charged. How can that be? says another; Because, said he, the thieves carried it off; before I had time to charge them with it.

A woman asking her husband how many women he had kissed since his marriage, "Why," said he, if we had as many penny loaves as I have kissed women since you have been my wife, we should have bread enough to last us for these seven years. And now, continues he, pray tell me how many men you have kissed in the same space of time."——"Why husband, replied she, if we had as many cheeses as men have kissed me since I have been your wife, we should have two cheeses to one loaf I am sure."

The late unfortunate lord Kilmarnock, when young, was looked upon as one of the handsomest men of the kingdom, and on his first appearance at St. James's, attracted the eyes of the whole court. He had not been long in England, however, before he apply'd himself to Sir Robert Walpole, told him his quality, and withal made a tender of his services to him, magnifying his own interest in the Highlands, and boasting of how much consequence he could be in keeping the clans quiet in case of any attempts to spirit them up to a rebellion. Sir Robert received him with great marks of favor and distinction, and was really much taken with the fine appearance and polite address of the young nobleman; and after an hour or two's conversation, began to entertain a high opinion of his capacity, and to have some thoughts of employing him; and accordingly, when he rose to take his leave, the minister assured him of his readiness to serve him, Nay, but Sir Robert, quoth he, I caum na here for compliments; I want some filler; I have ne'er a pund in my pouch, and have a present need of twa hundred, and canna gang till ye gi'em me. Sir Robert was astonish'd to see a nobleman.

nobleman of his fine figure, so young, so gay, so well dress'd, and yet so beggarly.—He gave him the money; dismiss'd him—but took such a disgust to the meanness of his spirit, that from that time forward he resolv'd never to trust him, nor never did.

Sir Richard Onslow, and Sir Anthony-Ashley-Cooper (afterwards created Earl of Shaftsbury) were one day invited by Sir John Danvers to dine with him at Chelsea, and desired to come early, because Sir John had an affair of moment to communicate to them. They went, as desired; and being seated, Sir John told them he had made choice of them both for their known abilities and particular friendship to him, in order to advise with them in a matter of the greatest consequence relating to himself. He had, he said, been a widower many years, and began to want somebody that might ease him of the trouble of house-keeping, and take some care of him under the growing infirmities of old age; and to that purpose he had pitch'd upon a woman very well known to him by the experience of many years; in short, added he, 'tis my house-keeper. The gentlemen, who were well acquainted with the circumstances of the family, and knew the woman very well, and were besides, friends to Sir John's son and daughter, both grown up and fit for marriage, to whom they thought this match must be very mortifying; were for these reasons, in their hearts very much against it; and accordingly Sir Richard Onslow began frankly to set the impropriety of marrying at his years before him, particularly to such a woman; and so was going to enter upon a description of her, and to set her out in her proper colours,

colours, which was such as could not have pleased any man in a wife; when Sir Anthony interrupting him, said, Give me leave, Sir Richard, to ask our friend one question before you proceed; so addressing himself to Sir John, Tell me truly, Sir John, said he, are you not already married? Sir John, after a short pause, answered with a smile, Yes, truly he was, the day before.—Well then, reply'd Sir Anthony, there is no more need of our advice; pray, let us have the honor to see my lady, and with her joy, and so to dinner—As they were returning to London in their coach, I am obliged to you, said Sir Richard, for preventing me running into a description which I am sure could never have been forgiven me. But how could it enter into your head to ask a man who had solemnly invited us on purpose to have our advice about a marriage he intended, had gravely proposed the woman to us, and suffered us seriously to enter into the debate, I say, Sir Anthony, how could you ask him, after all this, whether he were already married, or not? The man, and the manner, reply'd Sir Anthony, gave me ~~a~~ suspicion, that having done a foolish thing, he wanted to cover himself with the authority of our advice.

In 1722, Sir Richard Steel, who had formerly represented the towns of Burroughbridge in Yorkshire, and Stockbridge in the county of Hants, was at a loss where to make his election in parliament, as his finances were at that time a little disordered; however, he was at last advised by his friend Hamden, to try Wendover in Bucks; which he did, and in order to save expences, he thought of a stratagem that had the
desired

desired effect. Instead of the usual method of treating at every public house in town, he caused a handsome entertainment to be provided at the principal inn, and invited every married elector with his wife, to be present at it. All who knew the character of Sir Richard, are sensible how capable he was to make such a company immoderately merry, and to keep them so for more than an evening or two if it had suited his purpose. Accordingly, he soon brought them to a pitch, and in the height of their jollity he took occasion to address himself to the ladies, telling them, that if what he was going to offer were agreeable to them, he hoped for their interest with their husbands to chuse him as their representative in parliament for that borough. The women were all impatient to hear what he had to say; and at last, said Sir Richard, Ladies, I hope there is none here but wishes herself the mother of a man-child, and as an encouragement to use your best endeavours, I promise each of you twenty guineas for every male you shall bring into the world within these ten months, and forty provided you bring twins. The time when this was said, and his manner of saying it, produced what he had imagined it would, a good deal of love and a good deal of laughing; it gained upon the affections of the wives, and the wives got the voices of their husbands; so that Sir Richard carried his election against a powerful opposition by a great majority.

A countryman, who had never before been in London, going into the royal academy, in Pall-mall, on seeing the picture of his majesty, exclaimed, There's king George—God bless him! And how do you know that, friend? says a gentleman

tleman, did you ever see him?—No, says honest Hodge, but I'm sure that's he, for he looks like a king;—Ay, and he thinks like one too, rejoins the gentleman.—We know that, answers the farmer, but the worst on't is, he has a parcel of rascally fellows about him who can't think at all.

A waterman going over Black-friars bridge, on the toll being demanded, damned it and the first promoters of it; to which, the collector replied, one should always praise the bridge that carries us safe over. Ah, friend, says the poor waterman, you may well say so, for it has kept you from starving, and almost brought me to the work-house.

An Irishman being at a tavern, where the cook was dressing some carp, observed some of them move after they were gutted and put into the pan; which much surprising Teague, said he, now of all the christian creatures I ever saw, this same carp will live the longest after it is dead of any fish.

A short time since, a curate of a certain parish in Berkshire, being a staunch patriot, had his head so full of the cause, that in reading the public litany, he introduced the following short prayer—To shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives, particularly the patriotic John Wilkes, Esq.—Upon which, the clerk, not chusing to be behind-hand, in giving out the psalm, exclaimed, Let us sing to the praise and glory of Wilkes and Liberty, the two first verses of the 45th psalm.

Two ladies meeting at a visit, the one a grocer's wife, the other a cheesemonger's (who stood more upon the punctilios of precedence than many

many of their betters) when they had risen up to take their leaves, the cheesemonger's wife was going out of the room first; upon which the grocer's lady, pulling her back by the tail of her gown, and stepping before her, No, Madam, (said she) nothing comes after cheese. The other replied, Yes, Madam, almonds and rasins; and then went on without further ceremony.

The bishop of Durham had always a slovenly custom of keeping one hand in his breeches; and being one day to bring a bill into the house of peers, relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other, as usual, in his breeches; and began to speak, I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of the officers widows.—Upon which the Duke of Wharton, immediately interrupting him, asked, In which hand, my Lord?

On a Saturday evening, Leveridge, in giving out the play, made a small mistake, and instead of saying, On Monday next will be presented, &c. addressed the audience with—Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow will be—To-morrow; (says 'a buck from the pit) why to-morrow's Sunday!—I know it, my good friend, (says Leveridge) To-morrow there will be a charity sermon preached at St. Paul's Covent-Garden; and on Monday, at this Theatre, will be presented the Recruiting-Officer, with a farce called Wit at a Pinch. This turned the laugh of the audience, which was before against him, and he went off with an universal plaudit.

A gentleman dining with his friend, called for small-beer, but finding it was very hard and flat, gave it the servant again without drinking.

What,

What, said his friend, don't you like the beer? —It is not to be found fault with, answered the other, for we should never speak ill of the dead.

An Irishman, seeing an old friend of his in his coffin, exclaimed—Ah, poor Sammy! till this time thou hast been continually amidst a scene of bustle and noise; but thank God, art now still for once in thy life-time.

A very harmless Irishman eating an apple-pye with some quince in it; Arrah now, dear honey, said he, if a few of these quinces give such a flavour, how would an apple-pye taste made all of quinces?

There is a very remarkable passage in the life of Sir Thomas Moor, who was lord chancellor of England, in the reign of Henry VIII. and beheaded by that tyrant for refusing to acknowledge his supremacy over the church. One of the articles charged against him was this, that upon his examination in the tower, it being demanded, if he approved the act of supremacy; his answer was, That the question was like a two-edged sword; if he answered one way it would destroy his body; and if the other way, his soul: But what particularly deserves to be remembered of him is, that while he executed the high office already mentioned, his expedition in determining causes was such, that one day when he called for the next cause, it was answered, There are no more to be heard; all suits in that court depending and ready for hearing, being finally determined; on which occasion some persons of that time made these verses:

When

When More some years had chancelloſt been
 No more ſuits did remain,
 The ſame ſhall never more be ſeen
 Till More be there again.

Some gentlemen, coming out of a tavern pretty merry, a link-boy cried, have a light, gentlemen? Light yourſelf to the Devil, you dog, ſays one of the company. Bleſs you, maſter, replied the boy, I can find the way in the dark——ſhall I light your worſhip thither.

One of the bloods of Cambridge, one day in the grove, attacked ſome ladies, and aſking one of them, who was crooked, whence ſhe came? She replied, ſtrait from London. Indeed, maſam, ſaid he, then you muſt have been confoundedly warpt by the way.

A poor man in *Suffex*, who was deemed very ſkilful in prognostications about the weather, was aſked by a petty-fogging lawyer, When the ſun would change? When ſuch a wicked lawyer as you goes to heaven, answered the poor fellow.

Mention being made of Mr. Derrick's poetical abilities, when that gentleman was in company, a certain phyſician, on whom Derrick had written a lampoon, ſaid, the greateſt curſe that could poſſibly attend any man would be, the forcing him to read Derrick's poetry; No, Doctor, (replies Derrick) I'll tell you what would be a far greater——the taking your phyſic!"

A taylor ſent his bill to a lawyer for money. The lawyer bid the boy tell his maſter, that he was not running away, but very buſy at that time. The boy comes again, and tells
 C him,

him, he must needs have the money. The lawyer replied, " Did'st tell thy master, that I was not running away?" " Yes, Sir, answered the boy, but he bid me tell you that he was."

Some gentlemen being at a turtle feast, after dinner, amongst other toasts, the Ministry was given—but upon its not going round, the person who gave it, says, Come, gentlemen, where sticks the Ministry? At nothing, by G-d, says one who sat next to him—and so drank off his glass.

A little gentleman, going to a friend's house, found himself too short to reach the knocker. At last, seeing a very tall fellow coming by, begged him to do it for him; which, tho' very unwilling, he did, at the same time muttering, What are such little fellows as you made for? The other smartly replied, To be served by tall ones like you.

A certain parson, as he was riding one Saturday in the afternoon, to his parsonage about eight miles from Oxford, to preach there of the Sunday, seeing a boy at plough in a field with oxen, rides up to him, and begins to catechise him; and the boy having answered all his questions very readily, Now, Sir, said he, give me leave to ask you a question. Ay, boy, says the parson, with all my heart. Pray, Sir, says he, then tell me who made these oxen? Why, God, replies the Parson. Nay, that's a lie, says the boy; for God made them bulls, but my father made them oxen; and so drove on whistling.

Two gentlemen standing together, as a young lady passed by them, said one, There goes the hand-

handsomeſt woman I ever ſaw. She hearing him, turned back, and ſeeing him very ugly, ſaid, I wiſh I could in return, ſay as much by you. So you may, by G—, Madam, ſaid he, and lie as I did.

When our troops were abroad, the colonel of a certain regiment uſed to keep an open table three times a week for the officers of his regiment, and they generally uſed to take it in turns. But he obſerv'd one young gentleman, an enſign, that never miſs'd a day to dine with him. Surprized at this, he thought it encroaching upon his hoſpitality, and conceiv'd a very indifferent opinion of the poor enſign. On one of the public days he happen'd to go to the colonel's tent, earlier than any of the other gueſts, and was by that means entirely alone with the colonel, who, diſpleaſed at his conſtancy, thought it was a good opportunity to give him a genteel hint. "Pray, ſir, ſaid he to the enſign, have you forgot your Exercise?"—"No, ſir."—"Well then, ſaid the colonel, taking up a uſee, and going out of his tent, let us ſee how you can perform it." So giving him the piece, he gave the word of command. The young man perform'd very well. Now, ſaid the colonel, to the right about—march. Away march'd the enſign for about forty yards, and thinking he was going too far from the tent and the dinner, and not hearing the colonel ſpeak, ſtop'd ſhort, and told him, "that he had forgot a very material part of the exerciſe." "What's that?" As you were, replied the enſign. The colonel laugh'd very heartily at the reproof; told the enſign, that he was very right, and for his wit and humour ſhould be obliged to him for his company every day.

When the first Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pensilvania, and the most considerable man among the quakers, went to court to pay his respects to Charles the second, that merry monarch, observing the quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and stood uncover'd before Penn; who said, prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat: No, says the king, friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be cover'd here.

Doctor Cheney once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well; upon which he ask'd, if he had followed his prescription? Followed your prescription! cried Nash, no.—Egad, if I had, I should have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two-pair of stairs window

The corporation of Bath, in honour to Mr. Nash, placed a full length statue of him in the pump-room, between the busts of Newton and Pope; upon which occasion the Earl of Chesterfield wrote the following severe and witty epigram:

Immortal Newton never spoke
More truth than here you'll find;
Nor Pope himself e'er penn'd a joke
Severer on mankind.

The picture plac'd, the busts between,
Adds to the satire strength;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.

A man having been at very high words with
his

his wife, said in a passion, he would never bed with her again; but not being possess'd of two beds, he fix'd a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a separation; in this state they continued some time, 'till one night as they both lay awake, wishing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first advances, the husband chanced to sneeze; upon which his wife kindly said, heavens bless you my dear.——do you speak that from your heart, says the man;——Indeed I do, answer'd she:——Well then, says he, take away the board.

A Scotch bagpiper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood-side, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace, than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, 'till his provision was all gone; at length, he took up his bagpipes, and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. The deel saw me, said sawny, an I ken'd you lov'd music so, ye shou'd have had it before dinner.

Mr. Q—n, being in the assembly room at Bath, a very fat gentleman danced with a lady as remarkable as himself for bulk. A member of parliament, who sat next to Q—n, and had been a great promoter of the wheel act, ask'd him, how he lik'd that lady and gentleman's dancing? Why, says Q—n, it is the first minuet I ever saw upon broad wheels.

Lewis the fourteenth was rallying the Duke of Vienna upon his extraordinary fatness, in presence of the Duke of Aumont, who was at least as bulky; you grow out of all compass, said the king, you use no exercise.——Indeed but I do, said Vienne, and a great deal too, for there is not a day passes but I walk two or three times round my cousin Aumont.

An Irish gentleman came to England with an intent to stay a considerable time, and therefore thought it necessary to take a lodging; for which purpose he requested the master of the Blossom's Inn in Laurence-lane, to look out for a lodging for him. After some little enquiry, he found an apartment in St. Paul's Church-yard, which he thought would perfectly suit him. He return'd to his hibernian acquaintance, inform'd him, that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and had seen a lodging that would certainly please him. The honest paddy desired to know where it was.—In St. Pauls Church-yard, replied the other.—Psha, resumed Mr. Teague, what a pretty messenger you are to send of an errand! Did you ever hear of a man's going to live in a church-yard till after he was dead.

An eminent trader at Lyons, who had acquired an easy fortune, had two handsome daughters, whom he married to his liking, and divided between them all he had, upon an agreement that he should pass the summer with the one, and the winter with the other. Before the end of the first year he found sufficient ground to conclude, that he was not a very acceptable guest to either; of which, however, he took no notice, but hired a handsome lodging in which he resided a few weeks. He then applied himself to a friend, and told him the truth of the matter, desired him to give him 200 livres, and to lend him fifty thousand in ready money for a few hours. His friend very readily complied with his request. The next day the old man made a grand entertainment, to which his daughters and their husbands were invited. Just as the dinner was over, his friend came in a great hurry, told him of an unexpected

expected demand upon him, and desired to know if he could lend him 50,000 livres. The old man told him, without any emotion, that twice as much was at his service if he wanted it; and going into the next room brought him the money. After this he was not suffered to stay any longer in his lodgings; his daughters were jealous if he remained but a day more in one house than in the other; and after three or four years spent in this manner he died; when upon examining his Cabinet, instead of riches, there was found a note in which were these words;—He who has suffered by his virtue, has a right to avail himself of the vices of those by whom he has suffered; and a father ought never to be so fond of his children as to forget what is due to himself.

Quin being once upon the western-road with some of his friends, the landlord made heavy complaints whilst they were at supper of being pestered, nay devoured with rats. The next day after dinner a bill was called, which was found very exorbitant by every one, and even by Quin, who was not addicted to complain upon these occasions.—Said he to the landlord, “If you will give us a couple of bottles of claret, I’ll communicate to you an infallible receipt to get rid of your rats.” The landlord eagerly accepted the offer, the wine was drank, and Quin was upon the point of departing with his company, when the landlord observed he had forgot his promise of the receipt to get rid of the rats. “Egad says Quin, right;—but it is not yet too late, as the remedy is mighty simple—shew them but this bill (which he had in his hand) and I’ll be d—d if they ever set foot here again.”

The bench of justices having denied licences

to every publican who had John Wilkes, Esq. for his sign. A spirited person, who was a sufferer on this account, said in his own vindication on the above occasion, that he was no friend either to John Wilkes or his cause, and therefore had hung him up in effigy, to shew his real principles; but if he had undesignedly given them any offence, he was ready to pull down John Wilkes, and hang up the whole bench in his stead.

An Irishman having had a great dispute with his sweetheart, in the heat of blood, resolved to make away with himself, for which purpose he went into his landlady's dining-room, having bought a pair of pistols; and after loading them, walked towards the glass: The landlady, who suspected his intentions, ran up stairs, and came just time enough to see him discharge his pistol in the glass, upon which she cried out, oh! oh! I'm ruined, and undone for ever. And so am I, says Paddy, for I have just now killed the handsomest man in the world.

A fribble being invited to supper at a lady's, burst into tears the moment supper was brought in. The lady was surprized at this sudden grief, and asked the occasion of it? Ah! madam, said he, sighing, occasion enough. You may remember my poor little lap-dog, that died the other day of a violent cold; and that leg of lamb and spinnage, do so put me in mind of my Chloe sunning herself upon a grass-plot, that I cannot refrain from tears.

Dr. Radcliffe was remarkable for a sudden thought in extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsey; and the doctor soon perceived,

perceived, that no application internal or external would be of any service. Upon which he desires the lady of the house to order her cook to make a large hasty-pudding, and when it was done to let his own servant bring it up. While the cook was about it, he takes his man aside, and instructs him what he was to do. By and by the man brings up the pudding in great order, and sets it on the table in full view of the patient. Come John, said he, you love hasty-pudding, eat some along with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast. Both fell to with their spoons; but John's spoon going twice to his mouth to his master's once, the doctor takes occasion to quarrel with him, and dabs a spoonful of hot pudding in his face; John resents it, and threw another at his master. This puts the doctor in a passion, and quitting his spoon, takes it up by handfuls and throws at his man, who battles him again in the same manner, till they were both of them all over in a most woful pickle. The patient, who had a full view of the skirmish, was so tickled at the fancy, that he burst into a laughter, which broke his quinsy, and cured him.

Dr. South, visiting a gentleman one morning, was ask'd to stay dinner, which he accepted of; the gentleman stept into the next room and told his wife, and desired she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till at length her husband, provok'd at her behaviour, protested, that if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stept out, crying, I beg, sir, you'll make no stranger of me. The

The late facetious Mr. Sterne, once in company with Mr. Garrick and others, happen'd to be inveighing very strongly against some writers, whose works abounded with indelicate allusions; amongst other observations, said, that such authors, as a terror to others, ought to be hung up before their own houses; to which Garrick replied, its well for you, doctor, that you live in lodgings.

In the last year of queen Anne's reign, when lord Bolinbroke and some others of the ministry had appointed Mr. Barber, (afterwards alderman Barber,) to print a pamphlet, which was entitled, "The public spirit of the whigs," in answer to Sir Richard Steel's crisis; and, at that time, was calculated to serve some other important purposes; there happened to be one passage in it highly injurious to the Scots, and severely reflecting on their whole nation. This exceptionable part was soon fastened upon by the nobility of that kingdom, and resented as soon as it appeared in public. The Scots peers took notice of it in the house of lords, with the strongest marks of indignation; they complained of the insult, and insisted on having the author and printer punished with the greatest severity. This was an unexpected alarm to the ministry, who were under an absolute necessity of disowning publicly, what they privately had committed to the press. In this dilemma Barber was sent for with all imaginable haste, in order to consult what method or expedient could be hit upon to extricate them all out of their present difficulty. The ministry not willing to appear in the affair, rather promoted the prosecution of the printer, than in any degree seemed to discourage it; and therefore it was

was agreed to by the lords, that the printer should be brought before them the day following. This, Barber knew, and with great sagacity took back all the unfold copies from the publishers before the state messengers had made any search for them, and in an exceeding short space of time sent them an equal number of pamphlets which to all appearance were the very same; but lord Bolinbroke had drawn up for Barber another paragraph which was inserted, instead of the obnoxious one. This alteration was executed so speedily, and the faulty sheet cancelled thro' the whole impression with so great care and expedition, that when the books were seized in his custody, and he brought to answer before the lords, the whole was settled and adjusted to the safety as well as the satisfaction of the author. According to order Barber appear'd before the house the next day; and being interrogated as to his printing and publishing such a pamphlet, he positively denied, that in the edition he had printed there was any such paragraph as they ordered to be read publicly to him. To convict him effectually they called for one of those very books which were taken in his possession, and referred to the particular page. But, to their amazement, as well as great disappointment, no traces of such reflections were to be found, the suspected page being filled rather with compliment than invective; on which he was honourably discharged.

When Mr. Rigby heard that Col. Holroyd was created Lord Sheffield, he waited on his majesty, in high dudgeon, observing, that his great and meritorious services deserved to be rewarded with a peerage, as well as Lord Sheffield

field.—“ Well, well, Rigby, you shall have a peerage whenever you please; but pray what title have you fixed upon?” “ please your majesty, I think I shall take my title from my estate at Mistly.—“ No, no, Rigby, Lord Mistly does not sound well at all; as I have lately created Holroyd Lord Sheffield, I shall command a peerage speedily to be made out for you by the title of Lord Birmingham”—which royal witticism so disconcerted Dick, that he instantly dropped the subject; and his majesty relates the joke to every one at court.

When the present Viscount T——d was aid de camp to the late Duke of Cumberland, his royal highness, who had taken offence at a part of his conduct not within the military line, availed himself of many occasions to give him that uneasiness which is inflicted by the severity of remarks from our superiors. During an engagement between the English and French army, in Flanders, a poor soldier, serving in the former, was killed by a cannon-ball; and the blood and filth flew from his shattered head over the face of Lord T——d, who, lifting his hand to his eyes, endeavoured to clear them from the disagreeable matter that covered them. “ What! (exclaimed his highness) is the gallant T——d afraid?” “ No Sir (answered his Lordship) I am not frightened; I am only surprised that a fellow with so much brains should have enlisted into your regiment.”

A late very pious, but very credulous bishop was relating a strange story of a Dæmon that haunted a girl in Lothbury to a company of gentlemen in the city—when one of them told his lordship the following—

“ As

“ As I was one night reading in my bed, as my custom is, (though a bad one) and all my family were at rest, I heard something deliberately ascending the stairs, and as it came nearer, I heard it breathe; while I was musing what it should be, three hollow knocks at my door, made me ask who was there, and instantly the door flew open——Ay sir! and pray what did you see? my lord I'll tell you. A tall thin figure stood before me——with withered hair, and an earthly aspect: he was covered with a long sooty garment, that descended to his ankles, and his waist was clasped within a broad leathern girdle; in one hand he held a black staff, taller than himself; and, in the other, a round body of pale light, which shone feebly every way. That's remarkable! pray sir, go on. It beckoned to me, and I followed it down stairs, and there it pointed to the door——and then left me, and made a hideous noise in the street.—This is really odd and surprising; but pray now, did it give you no notice what it might particularly seek or aim about; yes, my lord, it was the watchman, who came to shew me that my servants had left all my doors open.

The Rev. Mr. Whiston, the famous astronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eight years; and some time after, being about to dispose of a little estate, he asked the buyer thirty years purchase; upon which, in great surprise, the gentleman demanded, With what face he could ask so much, when he well knew the world would be at an end in less than half that time?

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man

D

asked

asked the watchman what was to be seen ? Only a cobbler's end, replied he.

As a thief was going to the gallows out of the town, near Norwich, many boys ran to see the execution; which he seeing, called to them, saying, Boys, you need not make such haste, for there will be no sport till I come.

A deformed lady going one day into the Pump-room at Bath, was accosted by the celebrated Beau Nash, who thought to divert himself and the company at the lady's expence: Pray, Madam, what is the name of Tobit's dog? Nash, replied the lady, and a very impudent dog he is.

A gentleman, who was very morose and ill-natured at home in his family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, insomuch that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went; which occasioned a lady once, at a merry meeting where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well; Surely, if that gentleman is married, his wife must be extremely happy; for he is quite the fiddle of the company. Very true, Madam, says the person she spoke to, but he always hangs his fiddle up at the door when he goes home.

One asked his friend, Why he, being so proper a man himself, had married so small a wife. Why, friend, said he, I thought you had known, that of all evils we should chuse the least.

The late Beau Nash often played tricks with others: and, upon certain occasions, received very severe retaliations. Being at York races, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas,
upon

upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the Cathedral in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. What, says the doctor, Mr. Nash in masquerade? Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company, quoth Nash, pointing to his companions.

The late Prince of Wales, having a mind to divert himself incog, went to see a bull-baiting near Hockley-in-the-hole. The bull (being true game) gave great sport, and foil'd every dog that attack'd him. At last, old Towzer, whose owner (a butcher of Clare-market) stood close to the Prince, fairly pinn'd the bull; at which the butcher, in the joy of his heart, gave his royal highness a swinging clap on the back, saying, at the same time, D—n your blood, Mr. Prince, my dog has pinn'd the bull, for all you.

An inquisitive gentleman meeting a courtier, ask'd what news? Why, Sir, replied he, there are forty thousand men risen to-day. Aye, said the first, and what do they intend! Why to go to bed at night, answered the other.

A very ignorant, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book, and smile, ask'd him, What there was in that book that made him smile? Why, answered the other, this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack. Is it so? said he, pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an honor done me. Upon which, taking it into his hands,

he found it to be Perkin's Catechism, dedicated to all ignorant persons.

Three young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly Old Hock; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of Hic, Hæc, Hoc; however, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the Hock.—Really, gentlemen, said he, I thought you had declined it.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? Who answered, Because there was an hole on the other side.

A lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company, to deliver his opinion. Cousin, said she, do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty? I am sure, Madam, said he, I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years.

Two persons meeting one day near the Chapter coffee-house in Pater-noster-row, and the way being very narrow, the most pragmatical of the two, who was loth to dirty his shoes, said to the other, who was nearest the houses, Sir, I never give the way to a coxcomb.—Sir, replied the other, moving to the outside of the posts, I always do.

A Frenchman, who spoke very broken English, having some words with his wife, endeavoured to call her bitch, but could not recollect the

the name. At last he thought he had done it, by saying, Begar, mine deare, but you be vone vile dog's wife. Aye, that's true enough, answered the woman, the more is my misfortune.

A man, meeting a weaver upon a mighty lean jade of a horse, said, Weaver, why do you accustom yourself to ride so hard? Hard! said the weaver, who always went a snail's gallop; why do you think I ride hard? Because you have rode all the flesh off your horse's back, said the other.

A prating woman who had lost most of her teeth, asked a physician the reason, she being young and healthy: I can't guess at any other reason, says he, but that your tongue grates too much against them.

A jury being summoned to attend the coroner of Middlesex, to sit on the body of a woman who hang'd herself. An Irishman going by, on seeing them enter the house, asked, what was the matter? And being told they were going to sit on the dead body. Arrah now, says he, then I'll be damn'd if so many don't squeeze her to death.

A man and his wife were striving who should wear the breeches; in the mean time one knock'd at the door, the good man steps out to see who was there, and asked the party who he would speak withal; who answered with the master of the house, Stav, friend, says he, but a little while, and I shall resolve you, for as yet the case is doubtful. So stepping in, his wife and he went to it again, who at last yielded him the victory. He then went again to the door. Now, friend, said he, thou may'st speak with me, I

am the master of the house, but I could not tell thee so before, till my wife and I had decided the controversy.

Mr. H—— falling into company with a sea officer at Bath, and the discourse turning upon hunting, the captain gave the following droll description of a chace:—"Our horses being completely rigged, we manned them to their full complement, and the wind being at north and by east, at seven ante-meridian, a fleet of twenty set sail over the Downs. In about three quarters of a watch we spied a hare under a full gale; we tacked and stood after her, crowding all the sail we could; but coming close up to her, she tacked, and we tacked, upon which tack I had like to have run aground; however, getting close off, I stood after her again; but, unluckily, just as we were about to lay her aboard, bearing too much wind, my horse and I overfet, and came keel upwards."

An honest Jack tar being at a quakers meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth, speak with great emotion against the ill consequences of giving the lye in conversation, and therefore he recommended, when any story was told that seemed destitute of all probability, to cry Twang; which he said would not irritate people to passion, as the lye would. Afterwards, he digressed into the story of the great miracle, 5000 being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. and told them, that they were not such loaves as were used now, but were as big as mountains; at the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, Twang; What, says the quaker, dost thou think I lye, friend? No, says

says Jack, but I am thinking how big the ovens were that bak'd them.

A gentleman writing a letter to his wife, as he was sitting at a table at a coffee-house, perceived he was overlooked by an Irishman. After he had wrote a line or two, he goes on—My dear, I should be more particular, but that I am overlooked by an impudent Irish son of a bitch that stands behind me. What do you mean, says the Irishman, by abusing me in that manner? Do I overlook you?

A braggadocio, in company with Mr. Charles B——, bragg'd that he had demolished five hundred men with his own hand. Sir, says Charles, I have kill'd in my time, let me see—five at Madrid, ten at Lisbon, twenty at Paris, thirty at Vienna, and double the number at the Hague. But at length coming over from Calais to Dover, I had scarce disembarked, before a desperate son of a bitch of an Irishman killed me. Killed you? says the officer: d—n you, what do you mean by that? Sir, replied Charles, I did not dispute your veracity, and why should you question mine?

One seeing a painter writing false English, on a tomb-stone in a country church-yard, told him of it. Phoh, says he, I know what I do well enough; for the people here are so penurious, that they won't go to the charge of good English.

A certain great lord having, by his extravagances, run himself over head and ears in debt, and seeming very little concerned about it, one of his friends wonder'd how his lordship could sleep quietly in his bed, whilst he was so much in debt. For my part, said my lord, I sleep

sleep very well; but I wonder how my creditors can.

In a little country town, it happened that the 'squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying in, to return God thanks; or, as it is commonly called, to be churched. The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, O Lord save this woman, said, O lord save this lady. The clerk resolving not to be behind hand with him, answer'd, Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.

Two country attornies overtaking a waggoner upon the road, and thinking to pass a joke upon him, ask'd him, why his fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The waggoner, knowing them to be limbs of the law, answer'd, That his fore-horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.

Dr. Andrew Përne, dean of Ely, a man of keen wit, happened to call a clergyman a fool, (who it seems was little better;) the parson replied, That he would complain thereof to the Bishop of Ely; Do, said the dean, when you please; and my lord will confirm you.

A young Fellow, who would fain, if he knew how, assume more consequence and dignity than he knew how to support, riding along one day his horse started at something or other. But he laid the blame upon a very harmless hay-rick, that stood near the road; and resolved to have vengeance on the owner of the rick, who had placed it there to endanger his life. Riding up to the door of the house, the man appear'd. Pray, friend, whose hay-rick is that? Mine, Sir, said the man. Well, friend, I would not do an ill-natured

ill-natured thing ; but if you don't remove it, I must prosecute you. It is built upon my own ground, said the man, and I can't see what offence it has given you. It has ; it frighten'd my horse, and he had like to have thrown me. Aye, said the man, that's odd too ; they say, to strike a dog with a bone he'll never cry out.—And I suppose you don't give your beast much food ; for he's the first horse that ever I knew frightened at an hay-rick.

Two sailors talking about the creation of the world, one said, he believed Sheerness was the first place that was made. Why so, said the other. Because, said he, it is the worst place I ever saw ; and whoever made it, mended his hand ever since.—I rather suppose, said the other, it was the last place that was made, and so very late of the saturday night, that there was not light enough to finish it.

A woman, quarrelling with her husband, told him, she believed, if she were to die, he would marry the Devil's eldest daughter. How can that be ? said the husband. You know the law does not allow a man to marry two sisters.

A poor boy was asked what three things he would have, could he have them for wishing ; Why, in the first place, said he, I would have as much strong ale as I could drink.—Very well, What next ?—Then I would have as much fat beef as I could eat.—And what's your third wish ? But now he was puzzled ; for with him all happiness lay in fat beef and strong ale. At last, after much consideration, Hang it, says he, I'll have a little more ale still.

I have seen, says one man, a cabbage as big as a house.—And I, says another, have seen a copper

per pot as big as a church.—That's impossible, said the first: for no such pot could be made. Not at all impossible, replied the other; and it was made on purpose to boil your cabbage in.

A gentleman being addressed by a barker to an auctioneer, "Pray, Sir, walk in; why don't you walk in, Sir? What are you afraid of?"—Of being bit, replied he.

Quin, having had an invitation from a certain nobleman, who was reputed to keep a very elegant table, to dine with him, and having no manner of aversion to a good repast, he accordingly waited upon his lordship; but found the regale far from answering his expectation. Upon his taking leave, the servants, who were very numerous, had ranged themselves in the hall: Quin, finding that if he gave to each of them it would amount to a pretty large sum, ask'd, which was the cook? Who readily answer'd, me, Sir. He then enquired for the butler, who was as quick in replying as the other; when he said to the first, Here's half a crown for my eating; and to the other, Here's five shillings for my wine; but, by G-d, gentlemen, I never made so bad a dinner for the money, in my life.

Quin was, sometime after, met by the same nobleman behind the scenes, who asked him, why he did not come and eat soup with him? By G-d, my lord, said Quin, I am ashamed to come, since I find your lordship keeps a cooks-shop. His lordship ask'd an explanation; when he told the nobleman, his was the dearest and worst ordinary in London; for a man paid for his dinner literally, and very exorbitantly, at his lordship's house. Quin was told by his lordship, that

that this should be rectified for the future, and that he should lay severe injunctions upon his servants to take no vails. Upon this promise Quin was prevailed upon to return; but having failed to pay for his dinner, as usual, the next time he came he had a dirty plate given him for a clean one, bread for beer, and frequently neither one nor t'other, after repeated applications. When dinner was finished, he addressed himself to the company, in pushing round a plate with half a crown upon it, I think we had better pay for our dinner now, before we begin upon the wine; for I have a notion they imagine we intend to bilk them to-day.

A priest being embarked aboard a ship, which sailed from France to America; the captain, who saw rough weather a coming, said to him, "Father, since you are not used to the sea, the rolling of the vessel may be dangerous to you; go down to the hold, and as long as you hear the seamen swear and blaspheme, you may know by this that all goes well; but whenever you hear them take leave of one another, and be reconciled, then is is time for you to recommend yourself to the Almighty." The Jesuit sent from time to time to another passenger at the hatch, to find how matters went. "Alas! Father, said he, all is lost, for the sailors swear as if they were possess'd with the Devil; their blasphemies alone are sufficient to sink the ship." The father answer'd, "Bravo, bravo, cheer up, cheer up; take heart, and all will be well."

Two Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles

miles to London. By my shoul and St. Patrick, cries one of them, it is but five miles a-piece, let's even walk on.

A poor man going to be transported, was asked in derision by a very ugly fellow, where he was going? — Going! says pilgarlick, why I'm going to America, among the baboons and monkeys, your relations, have you any message to send them?

A bellman, upon the eve of the fifth of November, the gun powder plot, celebrated it, and gave advice to his customers in the following manner:

To-night's the day, I tell it to my sorrow,
When we were all t'have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore beware of fire and candle-light,
'Tis a fine star-light morning, so good-night.

Quin, when manager, had kept a poet's tragedy too long. The Poet calling often, and being angry, Quin sent him to the beaureau, and desired him to take it. After searching for some time among several others, and not finding his own, well, said Quin, take two comedies and a farce for it.

The boat's crew of a ship of war lying in Dublin harbour, having got ashore, went soon after to their rendezvous; and one of them leaving his comrades in the house, went out upon George's key with a tankard of porter in his hand; meeting some fellows walking along he began to hug his pot, and accosting them, "Here is stingo, says he, none of your damn'd stale Dublin ale, but porter, my boys, London porter,

ter, I say, it is both meat and drink to a man." Before he had well finished his harangue, his foot slipped, and he fell down one of the stairs or landing places; while he lay thus extended, with the water running over him, up steps one of the Irishmen, How goes it, my dear boy, you told us just now, you had got both meat and drink, now by Jafus, you have also got washing and lodging.

A poor woman who was very much distressed, went to a pawn broker, with whom she had dealt a long while, and ask'd him to lend her eighteen-pence. "Upon what?" said the good-natur'd broker. "Upon my word," replied the woman. "That I would not lend you three-farthings upon," said he. "Then here's a bible for you," said she, "I am sure you can't refuse to lend it me upon this; and I would not have brought it if I had any thing else left." "Then truly," said he, "you may carry it back again, for I won't lend you a farthing on't." Now what a sad rascal you are, replied the woman, who will neither lend me eighteen-pence on my own word, or on the word of God.

One night a drunken fellow jostled against a post; but thought somebody had jostled him, and fell a beating the post till his knuckles were broke. Says one to him, "Fie, what makes you fight with a post?" "How should I know it was a post," says he, "why did not he blow his horn then?"

The Borough of Hull, in the reign of king Charles the second, chose Andrew Marvell for their representative, from the opinion they had of his abilities and virtue, tho' he was then but a young gentleman, and of little or no fortune;

and they maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit, were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Mr. Marvell was, indeed, much inclined to sedition; that is, when the ministers were wicked, he very flatly and plainly told them that they were so. However, the ministry being of opinion that he would be theirs for properly asking, sent his old school-fellow, the lord-treasurer Danby, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the lord-treasurer, out of pure affection, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for a thousand pounds, and then stepped away to his chariot. Mr. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." Danby mounted again to Mr. Marvell's apartment, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, child what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, Sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market?"—"Very right, child, what have I for dinner to-day?"—"Don't you know, Sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?"—"It is so, child, very right, go away. My lord," added Mr. Marvell, addressing himself to the treasurer, "Do you hear that? Andrew's dinner is provided; there is your piece of paper, I want it not. I know the sort of kindness intended. I live here to serve my constituents: The ministry may seek men for this purpose, I am not one."

Lord Holland, the father of Mr. Charles Fox, expatiating one day on his son's extravagance, said, at the conclusion of his discourse, "Charles, take the advice of the wise Solomon, who says,
Always

Always keep a penny in thy pocket."—Charles replied, "I have read all the works of Solomon, my lord, and do not find any such expression in them." Don't you, said his lordship, then I cannot think that Solomon was so wise a man as I took him to be; for if he did not say so, he at least ought to have said so."

A great humourist once invited six quakers to sup with him on a Saturday night. Some of these knowing his musical abilities, wished to have a song from him,—“If thou art inclined to amuse thyself in the singing way (said one of them) there is none here, friend, that will oppose thee.” Thus indirectly solicited, he began to amuse himself, as they were pleased to term it, to the great entertainment of his company. Just as he had got through three verses of that very modest song, “Have you not read a book call’d Tristram Shandy, Ma’am?” the clock struck twelve, and here the singer paus’d, because he would not profane the sabbath; which one of the quakers observing, said, “Friend, thou mayest finish thy song, for I affirm that clock is above five minutes too fast.”

Dean Swift having preached a sermon at an assize in Ireland, was invited to dinner by one of the judges, when, as he had been pretty severe upon those counsellors who will take every side of the question, one of the young barristers who thought to be very smart upon the churchman, said, Doctor, if it were possible for the D—— to die, don't you think a clergyman might be found to preach his funeral sermon?"—"Very likely, replied the dean, and were I the man pitched upon, I should do by the D—— as I have

have just now done by his disciples.—I should give him his due.”

A mendicant friar, coming into the shop of a barber in Germany, who was a calvinist, asked to be shaved for the love of God. Being made to wait for some time, he was told that he might sit down. He is lathered with cold water, and without paying him the compliment of either soap or napkin, his face is scraped over with a rusty razor. Whilst he thus underwent little short of the pains of purgatory, without daring to complain, a cat that was pursued behind the shop, made a horrible racket. The barber, already in an ill-humour to be concerned in such jobs as he had in hand, and impatient of hearing so great a noise; what the Devil, says he, is doing to that cat, to make it squall so much? “Without doubt, replied the friar, some poor cat is shaving for the love of God.” This pleasantry smoothed the wrinkles of the barber’s forehead, made him more humane, and ask pardon for his ill treatment.

A person being asked by a broker, why he did not marry, demanded whether he who asked the question, would undertake to recommend him a wife? “You know my trade, (replied the other) I don’t deal in fresh goods—should I meet with one reasonable at second hand, I will not forget you.”

The late Duke of Newcastle at the close of an election, was so much pleased with the conduct of one who had given a casting vote to the candidate whose interest he had espoused, that he asked what he could do to serve him, promising he would grant any thing in his power. “May it please your Grace, said the person,

as the exciseman of the town is very old, I only beg that I may succeed him whenever he dies." The duke readily promised this, adding, "As soon as he is dead, come to me, let it be night or day, insist upon seeing me at Lincoln's-inn, at Clermont, at court, or any where, and your request shall be granted." This satisfied the voter, who waited in expectation of the exciseman's death, which happened not long after. He no sooner heard of this event, than he hurried to town, and arrived at the duke's house in Lincoln's-inn-fields about two o'clock in the morning. By a singular concurrence of events, it happened that the Spanish monarch was at this time very sick, and his death being daily expected, the duke was very solicitous about this event, and had dispatched an express to Madrid with directions to return as soon as the monarch died. On this account, orders were given, whenever the messenger arrived, to admit him immediately to his grace's presence. A person at this instant coming to ask for the duke of Newcastle in great haste, he was accordingly conducted to that nobleman's chamber.—When the man entered the room, he cried out in a transport of joy, "My lord duke, he's dead;"—Is he?—I'm glad to hear it with all my soul.—But when did he expire?" "The day before yesterday," answered the man.—"You must have flown like lightning then, said the duke; but you worthy creature, how shall I reward you." "May it please your grace, I only ask to succeed him." "You succeed him!—you!—Can I appoint his successor so easily; and if I could, do you think I should fix on you?" And so saying, the duke drew aside the curtain, and seeing the poor voter, recollected

recollected his countenance, and guessed his errand, when falling into a fit of rage, he ordered him to be handed down stairs. Some time after, however, he sent for him, and laughing the matter off, gave his electioneering friend the place, telling him that though he was not fit for a Spanish monarch, he might do well enough for an English exciseman.

When the prince of Orange, afterwards king William III. was first preparing for his expedition to England, one of his officers ventured to ask his highness what were his intentions? "Answer me a question in your turn (said William) Can you keep a secret?" "Certainly," said the other, expecting to be trusted. "And so can I, said the prince, for which reason you must excuse me from telling you my intentions."

The late Mr. Sterne, being at a coffee-house in company with a gentleman, a wretched wit came in, and after having railed against the clergy at an immoderate rate, turned to Sterne, and with an intent to affront him, asked his opinion on the subject: but this facetious clergyman, instead of giving a direct answer to the question, only observed, that he had a dog—a very fine dog to look at,—but the worst of him was, that he always snarled at a clergyman wherever he saw one. "How long has he had that trick?" demanded the witling. "Oh, Sir, answered Mr. Sterne, (bowing to him in particular) ever since he was a PUPPY!"

The late lord B—— having a great desire to be thought a proficient in physic and surgery, the earl of Chesterfield coming to him one morning, at a time when he wished for his vote and influence

fluence in the house, where his lordship often forgot to attend, pretending to be afflicted with the head-ach, requested to be let blood; this his noble friend complied with, and expressed great satisfaction in the confidence reposed in him. The earl seizing the favorable moment, induced lord B—— to go with him to the house, and to vote in a manner favorable to his wishes and to the public good; so that he used to say he had the boast of having literally bled for the service of his country.

A certain doctor being on a little tour with his acquaintance, they stopped at Islington, where he was well known, and left them and went for some time into the church-yard. As he stayed longer than was expected, some of the gentlemen expressed their surprise. Oh! said a gentleman, who was present, "The doctor will be with us soon; he his only gone to visit some of his old patients."

A theatrical genius supping at an inn in the country, being asked how he liked his fare, declared, that he had supped as well as any man in the kingdom. "You must except Mr. Mayor," (said the landlord) in this and in all cases." "I shall except nobody," (replied the guest) and it is a compliment to you, that I do not." However, the landlord being offended, took his customer before the magistrate, who having wisely observed, "That it was a custom in all cases, to except the mayor, and that custom was a law, fined him." "Well then, said the culprit, paying the money exacted, I must be ruled by custom; but I'll be hanged, if that fellow who brought me here, is not the greatest fool in Christendom,—except you Mr. Mayor,"—And so

so he departed, having raised a great laugh at the expence of the worthy magistrate.

Colonel Bond, who had been one of king Charles the 1st's infamous judges, dying about two days before Oliver Cromwell; it was reported that the protector was dead. "No, says a cavalier, I am sorry it is not so; but however, as he must go soon, he has given bond to the devil (the arch-pope) for his appearance."

An old cavalier looking upon some of Oliver's coin, read on one side, "God with us."—On the other, "The common-wealth of England."—So, (said he) I perceive at last, that God and the common-wealth are on different sides."

A player who was notorious for the blunders he was continually making, came forwards one Saturday evening to give out the play that was meant to be performed; when he began by saying, gentlemen and ladies, "To-morrow will be presented"—on which some of the audience hissed, and he was reminded that the next day was Sunday. "Well, said he, then on Monday will be presented the life and death of king Henry the VIIIth, with the coronation of queen Catharine; the divorce of Anne Bullen, and the fall of Mrs. Benson,—for the benefit of Cardinal Woolsey.

An honest countryman who thought to be very complaisant, being asked by the lady of the manor how his wife did, who was then with child, replied, "Very bad, may it please your ladyship." "And pray, when do you think she will be brought to bed, farmer." "Oh (said he) whenever your ladyship pleases!"

A king of Portugal once ordering a dinner to be provided, of such viands as had no blood in them; a young courtier stepping forward, humbly presented his sword to the monarch—"May it please your majesty (says he) to make a meal of this—It has no blood in it, and what is more, I will engage it never drew blood—at least since it has been in my possession."

A gentleman who was giving directions for placing a great number of pictures, among which was his own, said,—“Well, hang this picture near the window, that by the glass; this unole of mine shall be hanged in the corner; and here, fronting the door, in the middle, I’ll be hanged myself.”

Lord Falkland having it objected to him that he was not fit to have a seat in parliament, because he had not yet sown his wild oats, smartly enough replied, “He only waited for a situation like that in the house, where there were so many wild geese to pick them up.”

When General Prescott was taken away from his bed in Rhode-Island wrapped in a blanket, it was taken from his back by the serjeant who gave him his cloaths; well, serjeant (demanded the captive chief) where is my watch? “Ah, general, (replied the serjeant) if you had kept a watch, this had never happened.”

Lord P——t observing to Lord M——t that he could not conceive how he managed to live apparently above his income, and yet not to get in debt. “Oh! my lord, said the latter, I have a place.” What can that be, demanded lord P——t, “Only, said the other, that I am my own steward.”—A good memento to thoughtless noblemen.

A dyer being ordered to hold up his hand (which was very black) in a court of justice—
 “Take off your glove, friend,” said the judge.
 “Put on your spectacles, my lord,” said the culprit.

A person observing part of the carcase of a hog hanging up at an inn in the country, said,
 “Landlord, you are resolved to live well—you have killed a hog.” “Not so, replied the landlord, it is but the half of one.” “I beg pardon, cried the other,—I did not observe that—it is no more indeed—Pray, landlord, when do you intend to kill the other half?”

Some years ago, the presbyterian church discipline in Scotland was so rigid, that the incontinence of all ranks were compelled to do public penance, or incur the most serious consequences of excommunication. An officer in the army, who resided at Stonehaven in these times, was ordered, for an affair of gallantry, to sit on what is called the stool of repentance for two successive Sundays; he was obedient to the sentence the first time, but found his seat, being a detached part of the church, so cold and uncomfortable, that he had little inclination to sit there again; however, there was no remedy; and he was proceeding the next Sunday towards church, when he met a brother officer of the same regiment, an Englishman, who was just arrived. “Ah, Jack! (exclaimed he) what brought you to Stonehaven? come, you shall go to church with me, and after that go home with me to dinner!” induced by the latter part of the invitation, his friend consented; “but (resumed the former) I must go and make some little addition to what is ordered; go on to the church, and I will follow you; the door-keeper will

will shew you to my feat." The captain was obedient, and, as his friend had foreseen, the doorkeeper mistaking him by his regimentals for the penitent, conducted him to the stool. Here he immediately attracted the eyes of the congregation, but vanity easily imputed that to the gentility of his appearance. He wondered at his friend's delay, but concluded some accident had detained him. At length the parson having finished his sermon, proposed to rebuke the supposed offender, as the custom was, in very harsh terms. The captain finding himself addressed, rose and listened with astonishment; but as his face wore no marks of contrition, the lecture still increased in severity:—"You hardened wretch, cried the minister, you are no doubt going on in your lasciviousness; I dare say no longer ago than the last night you may have sinned anew in the same way." Here our officer, unable to contain himself longer, replied aloud, "by my soul, sir, that may be very true, but how the devil came you to know it?" much confusion here ensued, but at length, after the parson had tired himself with reprehension, the service ended, and the penitent, quite confounded at so strange an attack, enquired for his friend's house. When they met, "why George, said he, what became of you, and what strange fellow of a parson have you got here? last night I got to bed with the chambermaid of the inn I slept at, and he has told me of it before all the congregation."

One, having a good stomach, was invited to dinner; but having some extraordinary business, he stayed till they had almost dined: how to get his belly full he could not tell, but sits down very melancholy in a chair, says he, it was a sad accident,

dent that happened to your neighbour Green just now, for looking out at a window, he put both his eyes out; away the company runs to this neighbour's house, in the mean time he makes an end of their dinner for them: at their return, they told him they did not think he was so great a liar—says he again, what I say is true, for none can put their heads out, but their eyes must be out likewise.

A lord chief justice, in the time when the Lollards, somewhat like our moderns, had become troublesome to the state, having committed two of them to prison, one of their brethren came and insisted on seeing the magistrate. Being introduced, he said the Lord had sent him to order a *noli prosequi* on pain of punishment in the other world. "That cannot be," replied the chief justice, for hadst thou come from the Lord he would have sent thee to the attorney-general, because he well knows I have not the power to grant thy request—therefore thou art a false prophet and an impostor;" and he was sent in consequence to keep company with his brethren in prison.

M. Vestris, the late dancer, being in company with a fencing-master, the conversation turned upon their different professions; each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other; at length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms next morning in Hyde-Park. The combatants met; when the fencing-master drew his sword, Vestris drew his kit and began to play the Devonshire minuet, saying, "D—n you, why don't you dance?" the fencing-master was very angry, exclaiming, he did not understand being trifled with.

with. No, says Vellris, I don't trifle with you ; this proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse, without the assistance of any one.

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

VIRTUE for a guide, and fortune for an attendant
May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of
fortune

May our virtue be healthy without the physic of
calamity

May the feeling heart possess the fortune which the
miser abuses

May we laugh in our cups, and think when we are
sober

The sweets of sensibility without the bitters

The honest fellow that stands upright in the presence
of a great man

May the desires of our hearts be virtuous and those
desires be gratified

Every thing of fortune but her instability

Riches without pride or poverty without meanness

May we breakfast with health, dine with friend-
ship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with
the goddess contentment

May we live as well as we can and die as we ought

May we always forget when we forgive an injury

May hope be the physician when calamity is the
disease

May the thorns of life only serve to give a zest to
its flowers

May we always look forward for better things but
never be discontented with the present

May

dent that happened to your neighbour Green just now, for looking out at a window, he put both his eyes out; away the company runs to this neighbours house, in the mean time he makes an end of their dinner for them: at their return, they told him they did not think he was so great a liar:—says he again, what I say is true, for none can put their heads out, but their eyes must be out likewise.

A lord chief justice, in the time when the Lollards, somewhat like our moderns, had become troublesome to the state, having committed two of them to prison, one of their brethren came and insisted on seeing the magistrate. Being introduced, he said the Lord had sent him to order a *noli prosequi* on pain of punishment in the other world. “That cannot be,” replied the chief justice, for hadst thou come from the Lord he would have sent thee to the attorney-general, because he well knows I have not the power to grant thy request—therefore thou art a false prophet and an impostor;” and he was sent in consequence to keep company with his brethren in prison.

M. Vestris, the late dancer, being in company with a fencing-master, the conversation turned upon their different professions; each master supported the superiority of his talent over that of the other; at length words arose very high, and it was agreed to determine the dispute by arms next morning in Hyde-Park. The combatants met; when the fencing-master drew his sword, Vestris drew his kit and began to play the Devonshire minuet, saying, “D—n you, why don’t you dance?” the fencing-master was very angry, exclaiming, he did not understand being trifled with.

with. No, says Vellris, I don't trifle with you ; this proves the superiority of my profession, as you can do nothing without an opponent, whereas I can amuse, without the assistance of any one.

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

VIRTUE for a guide, and fortune for an attendant
May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of
fortune

May our virtue be healthy without the physic of
calamity

May the feeling heart possess the fortune which the
miser abuses

May we laugh in our cups, and think when we are
sober

The sweets of sensibility without the bitters

The honest fellow that stands upright in the presence
of a great man

May the desires of our hearts be virtuous and those
desires be gratified

Every thing of fortune but her instability

Riches without pride or poverty without meanness

May we breakfast with health, dine with friend-
ship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with
the goddess contentment

May we live as well as we can and die as we ought

May we always forget when we forgive an injury

May hope be the physician when calamity is the
disease

May the thorns of life only serve to give a zest to
its flowers

May we always look forward for better things but
never be discontented with the present

May,

May young married men raise volunteers for the
service of their country, and old batchelors
only be pressed

A hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed to
the man who fights the battles of his country

May Britain, like a camomile bed, rise higher the
more it is pressed

May we never get into a bad cause and never fly
from a good one

May we always part with regret and meet again
with pleasure

May we never desire what we cannot obtain

May we be roused but not rendered desperate by
calamity

May we treat our friends with kindness and our
enemies with generosity

May we be happy when alone and chearful when
in company

The honest fellow that loves his bottle at night and
his business in the morning

The virtuous enjoyment of a quiet conscience

May we fly from the temptations we cannot resist

May virtue be our armour when vice is our as-
sailant

Let us struggle for life though we fear not to die

May fortune recover her eye-sight, and be just in
the distribution of her favors

Refinement without dissimulation, or honesty with-
out rudeness

May friendship be the seed of kindness, and pas-
sion the sun which ripens it into love

May we never find danger lurking on the borders
of security

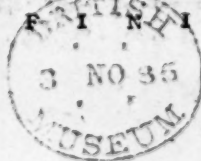
The circle of our female acquaintance

The hearts that sympathy unites may Hymen join

The fair we can love, the friend we can trust

Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship

May we form good wishes and enjoy them





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